

# THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

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## Selected Poetry.

### Spring Time.

Springtime, Oh Springtime, unfold thy rich  
flowers,  
And give to the earth its sweet garland of  
flowers;  
Give back to the wood land its mantle of  
green,  
And spread thy sweet fragrance o'er all that  
is seen;  
Call back the sweet songsters that warble  
their song  
To the streamlet, that murmurs so gently  
along.  
To the lily its freshness thy dew will im-  
part,  
Distilling its charms to the lonely heart.  
Springtime, Oh Springtime, I love thy cool  
shade,  
Thy gentle dew sparkling on the grassy  
glade.  
Thy sunlight is drinking the raindrop away,  
And shedding its lustre on the beauties of  
day.  
Let me gather thy roses, too soon will they  
fade,  
Under hot summer suns and cool autumn  
shades.  
Too soon chill winter blows o'er thy plain,  
And rob thee of beauty and sunlight again.  
Springtime, Oh Springtime, I love thy dear  
name,  
The richness of thy pleasures are always  
the same;  
Yes, no false fancy thy presence imparts,  
But joys that are lasting and sweet to the  
heart.

[Charlotte, (N. C.) Observer.

## Original Communications.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

### Thecla's Dream—No. 2.

HACIENDA, SALUDA, March, 1870.  
My Dear \*\*\*\*\*—Thecla has been moving very slowly along the coast of Africa where the climate is very sickly. She has passed Cape Verde, and the current has driven her chariot away from the coast towards the west, so that her chances for catching the African fever, grow less and less every day; nevertheless, the influence of the miasmatic atmosphere of Equatorial Africa has had such an effect upon her, that she has had a terrible dream. I have had my misgivings about letting her go to that dreadful part of the world.—To be sent to the coast of Africa in a small vessel, is almost equal to being transported to a region geographers have neglected to place upon the map. The sun is oppressively warm, and when there is a breeze, it is a light, unrefreshing, hot, burning wind, lasting a very short time during intervals of calm.

Thecla reached the Equator at mid ocean, when, in the silence of the night, she fell asleep, and dreamed she was seated on the Mountains of the Moon—not another white person, in the whole surrounding country, for hundreds of miles from her, in every direction, unless it might be some lonely traveller. But who could tell whether he was dead or alive? If living, where was he? She could not learn, from the multitude of Africans, who spoke an incomprehensible language of their own.—She was dreadfully frightened, for, besides being alone, among blacks of the blackest hue, she was surrounded by a population of savages. She was afraid of being seen among the people. With the gentle, composed foresight, which characterizes her sex—when quick tact and judgment is required—she observed the native costume of the female blacks, and by the application of the juice of some blackberries, she painted herself in corresponding colors, arranged her hair and dress to agree with the principle, "When you are in Africa, do as the Africans do." She then descended and mingled freely with the black folks. They were all dressed in a full suit of black. One party lived up a tree, and wore constantly fastened to their bodies a little bench which enabled them to be seated at any time without trouble. Another party were daring warriors, who marched abroad and captured their enemies and neighbors. There was no great government at the head of a large number of people, or a great extent of territory. The people were in bands—each squad occupied a small State by force of the knife, and supported, in their

way, a King, as black as the sea of spaces. Each of these Kings had absolute power over his people—most of whom were slaves. Plurality of wives, belonging to a state of brutality or barbarism, each King had at least one hundred, besides half that number of pages, constantly attached to his personal household. Thecla wanted to get away from there, but she awoke with horror when she thought of asking a King for protection. She did not believe a passport, from one King to the other, would enable her to reach the coast. She saw the people kill the cow; gather the banana; distill beer; entered their cane built houses with thatched roof; examined their pots and pottery; noticed there was very little time spent in the pursuit of agriculture; a little rice and sugar was made for the King by slaves wearing iron collars, chained by the neck to each other, in long lines at work, under the direction of the King's understrappers, who stood watching. She visited the King's palace; saw his fat wives—many of them nearly as broad as they were long; they seldom ever got upon their feet, sitting and lounging all day, drinking cow's milk. The King was opening a box which had been taken in battle. The box belonged to an English traveller, who had arrived in the town of an enemy King. The natives believed the Englishman to be a wizard, for as he arrived in their town, their King died. They put the traveller to death and burnt him. The box being opened, the King was delighted to find an improved English rifle. He ordered a page to take it out and try it. The boy seized the weapon; proceeded to the yard; fired at a woman; came back, and said: "Good gun, kill woman dead!" Thecla then walked to the "Ripon Falls" where the Nile flows out of Lake Victoria, N'Yauza, and thought it no wonder the source of the Nile had not been discovered long ago, as Captain Speke had walked all the way from Lanzibar to these falls—having passed between the Mountains of the Moon and this lake, and declared it to be the true source of the Nile, she determined to walk along the Equator westward, until she reached the shore of the South Atlantic Ocean, at the mouth of the River Gaboon. She passed through tribes of slaves and brutal kings; witnessing battle fields; dreadful murders; oppression, torture, hungry, poor, miserable deformed savages, hideous to look at, and terrible to be among. In the course of time, she found herself moving rapidly along with a current of a large stream of people, rushing towards the coast—while they all underwent the greatest amount of privation, suffering and fatigue, they were cheerful and happy, pushing along as fast as possible, from day to day. A multitude of blacks were leaving their native country, and moving straight along like a swarm of bees in search of a new home.

The path was very mountainous. Dr. Livingston, she thought wrong when he supposed the source of the Nile to be in latitude 12° south, and that the River Congo flows into the Nile. She reached the coast amidst an immense mass of human beings. Fleets of shipping lay along the coast, loading with blacks. As fast as they filled with passengers, they made sail. The whole colony of Liberia had gone—had quit Africa forever.—The fleets of sail vessels and steamers followed the Equator westward. Those in authority, including the crew on board, were all black, and speaking the English language. All the passengers, men, women and children, were black natives of Africa. There was the most complete organization, energy, happiness and unanimity of feeling. Every day the young wild Africans were taught a lesson in seamanship: Cut a way the life buoy; haul down the helm; let fly the jib sheet; haul out the sparker; haul up the main sail; brace aback the main top sail; man the boat; pick up the man overboard. Having saved the poor man's life, they haul up the boat; put up the helm; haul at the jib sheet; ease off the sparker sheet; brace about the main yards; board the main tack; make all sail.—One day they tack ship, next day they wear ship. Thus they made the gallant fleet waltz across the sea. The sailors played the bango and tambourine. Such Africans "cum down" denoting, is seldom seen. The sails formed in line, with steamers in between. Following Thecla's chariot, and cheered her as fleet Queen. The twilight's very short on the line of the Equator.—They lit the fleet with lamps—as in the battle with Deatur.

In the belt of Equatorial calms, the sea is generally smooth and glass-like in appearance, under the bright rays of the tropical sun.—A turtle may be seen floating lazily along with the Equatorial current, exposing his shell to the balmy influence of the warm tropical atmosphere. The wild seagull skims slowly round and round the vessels, and from a life-long habit, understands the shrill call of the boatswain and his mates; three times to each day's meal on board ship, the gull claims any bits of biscuits that may be swept into the water. The long, lazy cold-blooded shark understands the movements of the birds, and may be seen not far astern, hanging round for his share of any bits of meat that shall fall overboard.—There are at times exceptions to the law and rule laid down for the government of the circulation of atmosphere about the globe, and for the motion of the waters, which, more or less, effect the daily life of birds in the air, or fishes in the sea, as well as the human races.

From calm repose, Thecla's dream became disturbed. She saw at a distance, away among the West India Islands, a noble ship of war, with great guns; barnish ed swords; bright revolving pistols; musketry and dangerous looking boarding pikes, manned and officered by a well disciplined crew of white men. The gallant ship was contending, for life, with one of those terrible gales of wind so frequent in that region of the world. As the danger in a storm on the ocean is greater near the land than in the open sea, orders were given to run before the storm, which carried the man-of-war in the direction of Thecla and the fleet of the blacks. The storm increased to a hurricane. The framers, builders and architects of this great ship, had given her unusual length of lower masts, so as to give her more spread of canvases, and thereby gain additional speed for her beautiful and clipper-shaped hull. The sea rose mountain high, and it became unsafe to expose her to the violence of the waves by running any longer; she was therefore hove to under bare poles, with a mess cloth in the mizzen rigging; she was knocked down and lay on her beam ends. Thecla saw a handsome boy attempt to secure one of the small boats.—The sea struck trió boat; tore it from its davits—for a moment the boy was seen beckoning to his ship for help; a great wave passed over him, and he was buried—forever lost to the trials and troubles of this world. The ship strained and struggled; her buoyancy became paralyzed, pressed down with the force of a terrible wind. The furl sails broke away; became loose, and were torn into ribbons, cracking with a hideous noise, equal to tens of thousands of coach whips; the roar of the winds and waves mingled; the clouds lay heavy upon the sea; four strong men were at the wheel. As the ship was about to sink, the order was given to put the helm up. It was too late. The helm could no longer be obeyed.

"Cut away the mizzen mast!" As the mast came down with a crash, St. M\*\*\*\*, a son of Virginia, mournfully signed a last farewell to the bride he loved so deeply. The ship was sinking. "Cut away the main mast!" As it plunged into the sea, St. R\*\*\*\*\*, a son of Pennsylvania, offered a prayer for his young and well-loved wife.—"On your knees," said the Captain. Three hundred brave men repeated: "Hear our prayer, O Lord, and let our crying come unto Thee. Hide not thy face from us in our time of trouble; incline thine ear unto us when we call. O, hear us, and that right soon." The ocean yawned—the *Albany* went down.  
Very truly yours,  
LARDNER GIBBON.  
\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*  
Holmesburg, Philadelphia, Penn.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Notes from the Scrap Book of an Old Physician of Greenville County.  
THE FORK SHOAL LIBRARY SOCIETY.

From the Secretary's books this Society was organized on the 10th November, 1815, at the residence of Hudson Berry, Esq., at the place now known as Cedar Falls, on Ruddy River, in Greenville County.

At this the first regular meeting, Hudson Berry, Esq., was called to the chair and Dr. Thomas W. Alexander appointed Secretary. An election was on this day held for officers for the ensuing twelve months, under the constitution then adopted. Hewlet Sullivan, Esq., was elected President; Capt. Tully Bolling, Vice President; Dr. Thomas W. Alexander, Secretary; and Capt. William C. Gunnels, Treasurer. Very soon af-

ter the organization, the Society was removed to the residence of Maj. Micajah Berry, where it held its meetings quarterly, until the year 1841, when from the numerous deaths, and removal of members from the country, the society went down, having had an existence of more than twenty-five years.

The great object and aim of this society, seems to have been (books then being very scarce and at a high price, and the people poor) for the community to act in unison and thus accumulate a library of the best and most useful books, then in print, for the benefit of the members and their families.

The society at once grew into popular favor, and all of the most respectable citizens of the community and surrounding country became members. A fund, accumulated from the fee of membership, was then and subsequently raised in an amount sufficient to constitute and make up a most valuable library. It is here worthy of remark, that Dr. Thomas W. Alexander, who was a Presbyterian of the straightest sect, made a motion, which was unanimously carried, for the Rev. Jonathan Deuces, who was a deserving and popular preacher of the Baptist denomination, to be received into membership gratuitously. And on motion of Hewlet Sullivan, Esq., (the religious proclivities of his family being of the Baptist order,) the Rev. Michael Dickson a Presbyterian minister, was also admitted unanimously to membership gratuitously; thus showing at this early period, that religion was tolerated and encouraged without denominational prejudices and differences.

B. J. Earle, Esq., then a young man and prominent lawyer, (subsequently elected judge) was received as a member in this year, also Col. William F. Downes, a prominent lawyer living at Laurens, C. H. B. J. Earle, Esq., was elected by the Society to deliver an address on the anniversary occasion in 1818. The invitation was accepted, and the address delivered at the appointed time, and the members being so well pleased with it, by a vote of the Society it was printed and distributed in the community.

This Society, from its history, seems to have accomplished its high aims and ends, to wit—that of giving mental culture to the numerous families who gave their sanction and material aid in its organization and continuance; and the assertion could here be properly made that no community in the bounds of the State has meritoriously borne a higher rank in cast of mind and general intelligence, characterized by morality and other ennobling attributes, which always elevate and adorn society. A taste for reading and improving the mind was encouraged and engendered through this channel, giving life and spirit as the main artery to the *body mental*, which was instrumental in building up and supporting good English schools, and ultimately at a later period when the people had more ability, schools of a higher grade; and further it might be truthfully mentioned, that no community, though wealthy before the war, came out of a lost cause less embarrassed in a pecuniary point of view, than this, in the State; for not a single person has applied for the benefit of the bankrupt law, or relief under the homestead act, in the bounds of Dunklin Township, (as laid down on the new map of the county, by William Hudson, Esq.) in which Fork Shoal Library Society was located.

Might there not here a useful lesson be learned from the past, to encourage, foster, and build up schools and circulating libraries, as our fathers did in their day of poverty and limited means; for we are now reduced in worldly wealth as they were at the history of the times mentioned, and as a means of relief, to better and improve their condition, resorted to a noble reliance on their own energies in building up home institutions of their own.

Politically considered, our country is now ruled and governed by the prejudices of party, looking only to preferment and personal interest, to the injury and sufferings of the masses, and this rule and power, too, in the hands of a misguided and heterogeneous class, not having that identity of interest and general intelligence properly entitling them to such position, take this in connection with the bad state of morals now existing, the country can but wail and mourn, and pray for deliverance from the evils thus surrounding us. The only channel of hope is through the virtue and intelligence of the people, to attain or accomplish this wished for end; educa-

tion and true Christianity should go hand in hand, instructing, teaching, and directing the people and rising generation that in a free country, it is the privilege and duty of the subject to examine and to judge the measures of the government.

Where every man is upon the footing of equal rights with another, the rulers are the servants of the public, their personal qualities and their official conduct are of course proper objects of animadversion.

If magistrates and rulers are found deficient in talents and integrity, they are unfit for their position, and if their official deportment proves injurious to the commonwealth, the end of their elevation is not answered, and they should of course be dismissed from their position by the people over whom they unworthily rule.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

### Our True Policy.

Messrs. Editors—In my former articles, I have shown that it is the part of wisdom for the people of South Carolina, and the whole South, to look the change of circumstances by which we are surrounded squarely in the face, and under the dictates of prudence and common sense, to make the best of things as they are. Throughout the length and breadth of this country, the negro has just become clothed with the full habiliments of citizenship, by the operation of the 15th Amendment to the Federal Constitution. Under the same laws with the white man, they are also equally taxed to support the Government under which we live, both State and Federal. This is right, and does it not justly carry with it the right to vote; for was not, "taxation without representation," one of the principle causes of revolution with our forefathers against Great Britain? Equal civil rights carries with it also the right to hold office when the requisite number of legal votes are obtained, and let it be the part of the white population of the South in future, not by disabling statutes if they had the power, but by intellect and education to preserve to themselves and their children the acknowledged superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over the African race. It is a mistaken feeling with the colored population of this State, that their interest is opposed to the interest of the white citizens. We are together in the same boat; we have equal burdens to bear and the same benefits to derive from the Government we sustain. Under the feeling that the Democratic party was hostile to their interests, (which it doubtless was upon the old issue) what was the result of the last election for members to our State Legislature? As originally elected the Senate stood, 25 Republicans to 6 Democrats, and the House of Representatives, 109 Republicans to 15 Democrats; while the two races were represented by 19 white members in the Senate to 12 colored, and in the House by 88 white members, to 86 colored. This was the result of an election fought upon the old issues. Those issues are now dead. The living issues of the day with the people of South Carolina, white and colored are—How long are we to support a corrupt and reckless State Government? When are we to have an honest and economical administration of affairs? Are governments really created by the people for the good of the people, or for the benefit of the office holders? These are questions which will appeal directly to the hearts and pockets of every voter at the next election for members to the State Legislature; and upon these issues, I propose to decide the next election, not only in the Democratic counties of the upper part of the State, but in the Republican counties of the middle and lower part of South Carolina. The people are ripe for it. Since these articles were written, the Press Conference at Columbia have embodied the main ideas contained in them, in the resolutions they adopted. In the leading editorial of a late issue of the Greenville Enterprise, you have taken the same ground; and in the "distinct measures of reform and progress," which you propose in that article, have thrown hot shot into the camp of radicalism and corruption. It is my opinion that in Greenville, we could elect a ticket composed wholly of white men and Democrats. The same is true of Spartanburg, Pickens, Oconee, Anderson, and probably other counties, but with a view to influencing the legislation of the State; would it be good policy to do so? It is a known fact that the 21 members who were elected to be Senate and House of the last Legislature upon

strictly democratic tickets, were utterly without influence, and the best measures were voted down, if proposed by one of them. I have been told by members of the last Legislature that many of the colored members, belonging to the Republican party, were disposed to legislate for the good of the whole State—men, honest, fair minded, and disposed to listen to reasonable argument. Such members could be approached with some prospect of success in gaining their support to a really good measure, by members elected by all parties, upon the issues we propose; which they could not be by those elected by strict party votes, upon the old issues. Let not, then, Greenville, nor any other county send a delegation to Columbia elected solely upon the old issues. Let us have a platform broad enough for the honest men of all parties, and all colors, to stand upon. The times demand it. Let meetings be held at every Court House in the State; to which citizens of all parties and colors, who are opposed to a government for the benefit of office holders, are invited. Let committees be appointed of fifteen or twenty members from every part of the counties, to report a nomination at a subsequent meeting, and let the colored men be fairly represented. Such a committee would reflect the true wishes of the people, as the fact would be known for perhaps a month, and nearly every voter would express his choice to some member of the committee. Such nominations would be both Democratic and Republican in the true sense of those words, and would also be triumphantly carried, in my opinion, in a majority of the counties of the State. This appears to me, Messrs. Editors, the most feasible plan to rid ourselves of the "ills we bear," otherwise, I see no prospect of a change in our law makers for perhaps 15 or 20 years to come. S. S. C.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

### Sociability.

Sociability is an element of great utility in every community. It awakens and keeps awake warm and generous mutual sympathies among the people, and binds them together as no statutory law can. Statutory law cannot make men think and feel alike, nor can it harmonize their conflicting prejudices and sentiments. The most that it can do is to prescribe what shall or shall not be done; and provide for the punishment of such as violate its high behests.—The law of sociability, which belongs in common to our race and which runs through all the labyrinth of human society, is, in itself, a vast moral power, and is always working out good or evil results, according as it is used or abused. It is resorted to for the noblest and for the vilest purposes. Among men of respectability and honor the exhibition of polished and refined social qualities, is justly esteemed a virtue; and any community noted for intelligence, warm-hearted and gentlemanly sociability, will acquire for itself a popularity and influence as such, which it could not otherwise possess: And what is true in these respects of a community is even more manifestly true of individuals.

True and proper sociability does not seek to obliterate just distinction, or bring all classes on the social level, but it accords to the humblest the consideration and respect which is due, and which, without obtrusiveness, is careful in its bestowment of attentions upon strangers.

Politeness carries with it its own reward. Try it, ye growling, snarling, snapping ones, and see if ye are not wiser and happier in less than a week. [Brunswick Appeal.

INJURIES TO THE HORSE THAT MAY BE EASILY AVOIDED.—Many horses are made vicious from cruel treatment.

More horses fall from weariness than from any other cause. When a horse falls, he is more frightened than his rider. A frightened animal cannot use its senses aright; it must be first reassured by gentle treatment. It is speed that kills the horse. Never strike an animal upon the head.

Careless application of the whip has blinded many horses. More horses are lamed from bad shoeing than from all other causes together. Never kick nor scream at a horse, nor jerk the bit in his mouth.

The heir to the crown of England is in trouble again, and is now called the Prince of Wales.

The defenders of corporal punishment in Boston say that a "switch-in-time saves nine."

A female physician in Lafayette, Ind., returns her income from her profession last year at \$2,500.

The daily expenses attendant upon the Ecumenical Council in Rome average about \$4,600 in gold.

The Farm Journal learns that several parties in Georgia have been poisoned by guano, coming in contact with wounds on their hands and arms. If this is the case, our farmers should be exceedingly careful how they handle the stuff, if they have scratches or cuts on portions of their body exposed.

Colic.—If a horse has the colic, give him two table-spoonsful of soda dissolved in warm water.—Repeat the dose every half hour thereafter until the patient is well. For infants with colic, soda in small quantities is invaluable. If persons who are subject to colic will take soda, they will have no use for antispasmodics as a general thing. I give soda for colic, for the same reason you would use water to put fire out. [Stock Journal.

The Best Fences.—A writer, (of Richmond, Indiana,) in the Cincinnati Gazette, claims, and we think justly, that the best fences for a dry or gravelly soil is good white oak post and board rails.—He says that the post will last twenty years in such soil, at the end of which time the boards can be attached to new posts and will last twenty years longer. He is opposed to all preparation of material except giving the fence a good whitewashing. [Germanstown Telegraph.

Boots in TAR CAN'T BITE.—When a horse shows symptoms of bots, drench him with one pint of tar, heated as hot as possible, not to burn; it will enclose the bots instantly, and stop the biting in about half an hour after administering the tar. Give some active purgative; I prefer castor oil, give warm; this will bring off the bots and tar mixed in one mass.

Bots and colic in horses, in many instances, cannot be distinguished, and if within twenty or thirty minutes after giving the tar, you find the animal is not relieved, give two ounces laudanum and two ounces of sweet spirits nitre, mixed; these remedies may be relied on, the writer has administered them in more than one hundred cases, and has never met with the first failure to relieve and fully cure both diseases. [Ruralist.

How to SECURE GOOD OATS FOR SEED.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: "Place your oats in a heap on the middle of the thrashing floor, on the end that the wind blows to. Get you a milking stool and a small scoop—your wife's flour scoop will do—and throw the oats with a light turn of the wrist, to the other end of the floor, against a gentle wind. A little practice will soon enable you to throw it in a half circle and at the same distance. Sweep off now and then, if you have much, the utmost circle for seed, the light oats for feed, and the weed seed, to burn. You will now have seed oats worthy to sow, without buying at \$5 per bushel. I have seen oats grow in Sweden until I was forty years old, but I never saw a heavy crop where the seed was not selected as above."

How to choose a good black silk, which will wear well, is a puzzle to many ladies. Indeed, so proverbial is the difficulty of making a wise selection, that those who have any regard to economy hesitate before purchasing, and yet often complain of having made a bad bargain in spite of all their care. One who seems to understand the matter recommends that when a lady is about to choose a black silk she should pull a thread out of the filling. She must try the strength of the thread. If it breaks easily, the examination has gone far enough; it is wisdom to look further. If the thread indicates some back-bone, then it is necessary to seize the silk by the corner and rub it just as the washwoman would do when she intends to remove a stain. If this awful ordeal can be performed to perfection—remember some muscle must be brought into play—the silk is honest and legitimate.—If it is heavy with dye, if held up to the light slight traces of dis-tar may be discerned.